



EXCLUSIVELY YOURS

By BETTY BEALE

Women to Query President Surprised by Invitation

CPYRGHT
"It is obvious that the women of America have taken a heroic attitude toward this election. They are being called upon by the two political parties as never before and they are responding with that old motto: 'Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do or die.'"

Not a single one of the 10 women for Nixon invited here to question President Eisenhower on television tonight knew why she was chosen among all the women from her section of the country. But they came as fast as their campaign feet could carry them.

The 10 women met together at 4:30 yesterday afternoon for an informal discussion of the type of questions they want to toss at the President. And they met again for supper last evening in the South American Room of the Statler.

Said Mrs. Louis Lombardi of Los Angeles at the supper gathering, "I haven't any idea why I was chosen. I was called Friday morning and I couldn't give a definite answer until I knew if I could get a plane reservation." . . . Of course, she does happen to be president of the L. A. Federation of Republican Women.

Said Mrs. I. F. Stephenson of Alva, Okla., who was called last Wednesday, "I have no idea how I was selected. It was the most fascinating and intriguing surprise." . . . Registered both as a Democrat and a nurse, Mrs. Stephenson said she travels around talking on subjects pertinent to Christian education and she thinks politics is very definitely a part of Christian education—voting, that is.

Mrs. John E. Dempsey, jr., of Wellesley, Mass., mother of four and a member of the Junior League, didn't claim to be any kind of a Republican wheel. "I just donated some money," she said.

I didn't ask Mrs. Joseph L. McQuade why she was chosen. It seemed obvious. Besides being district director for the Federation of Republican Women, the West Virginia Protestant is the mother of 15 children. Anybody who is trying to add that many new party members deserves no mere TV appearance, but a plaque! Mrs. McQuade was the only woman accompanied by her husband. "I came to pick up the checks," he said.

And over at the Democratic stronghold of Senator John Kennedy his wife Jackie will meet today with 30 to 40 prominent Democratic women who responded when the clarion was sounded. Author Rachel Carson and Mrs. David K. E. Bruce, two of the very few local women invited to participate in the discussion group, didn't know what demands would be made upon them, but they accepted without blinking an eye. They were told it would mean a lot of work—they didn't know what—and the work would start after the Monday meeting.

When the Party calls—
"Theirs not to reason why."

FORMER BRAZILIAN AMBASSADOR and Mme. Moreira Salles are coming all the way from Rio to attend the International Ball here on November 10. They took over the sponsorship before they knew they would be retiring from the Washington scene.

Talk of the next big subscription ball and Friday's Symphony Ball was bandied about at Italian Ambassador and Signora Brosio's reception Saturday. Regular subscribers to each were saying they'd just as soon not have any entertainment at these huge affairs. By the time the special money-raising period is over, plus the awarding of prizes, there's not nearly enough time left for Washington's favorite exercise—dancing.

Apropos of prizes, Luxembourg Ambassador Georges Heisbourg won a plush one for his wife—a sable scarf.

The Italian Embassy party followed the opening at the National Gallery of the exhibition of rare drawings by the great Renaissance masters—Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael, etc. Gwen Goffe was recalling that the

people of Florence wouldn't let the oils by these same masters come to this country four years ago. They were afraid something would happen to them. But the drawings, which are more perishable, were allowed out.

That's because Florence isn't the only city involved in this collection, and also there are many more drawings by these great masters than oil paintings.

Mme. Alphand dropped in before returning for a dinner at her Embassy. She was a symphony in eggshell hue—short peau de soie dress embroidered with coral shoes, gloves and bag—all matching.

Deputy Director of the CIA and Mrs. Bob Amory chatted with the Ed Burdicks and John Villards, Gallery Director and Mrs. John Walker had a word with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss; Yugoslav Ambassador Marko Nikezic was in confab with Maida Richman and others present were the Edward Foleys, the Oscar Coxes, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Purves, the Gates Lloyds and former Italian Counselor Gabriele Paresce, who is here to close his house, pack up his last belongings and sail for Italy on November 8, election day.

The Lloyds said they had just heard some sad news—that Lele Canevaro, Duke of Zoagli, former Italian Consul in Baltimore and a frequent visitor to Washington, was killed in an automobile accident in Italy in August. His wife, the mother of their seven children, still is in critical condition.

SPEAKING OF POLITICAL POWWOWS, over at the Shoreham yesterday afternoon there was a real powwow led by Chief Francis X. Guardipee of the Blackfeet Tribe from Browning, Mont. And while he talked some real Indians in costume did a little aboriginal rug-cutting in the background, inasmuch as the cocktail supper was a benefit for Arrow, Inc. . . . (The best dancer wore such a scanty costume it was difficult to believe he was an Alaskan Indian. He must have been sent down by the Anchorage Chamber of Commerce.)

Arrow, during this extraordinary "wahoo," Chief Guardipee told me that the Government's policy "toward Indians hasn't changed since 1850." . . . They can be trusted to vote, and in some cases they run whole counties, but "We are not trusted to handle our own affairs. We are wards of the Government. We can't even get a loan without getting permission from the superintendent of the reservation, though we give character references like anyone else."

"It's an outrage," replied one of his listeners. "That's what we've been trying to tell the Government for

years," said the Blackfoot, "but nobody will listen."

The chief, a retired Government ranger, devotes his time to trying to help his people. Arrow, a non-profit-making organization of Indians and white men, has the same objective—to help lift America's former landlords out of the death-dealing poverty of the reservation, where the Indian's average life span is 39 years.